

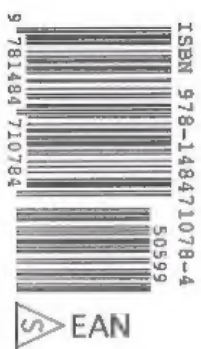
Disney
**GRAVITY
FALLS**

**HAPPY
SUMMERWEEEN!**

2 BOOKS
IN 1 PLUS
STICKERS!



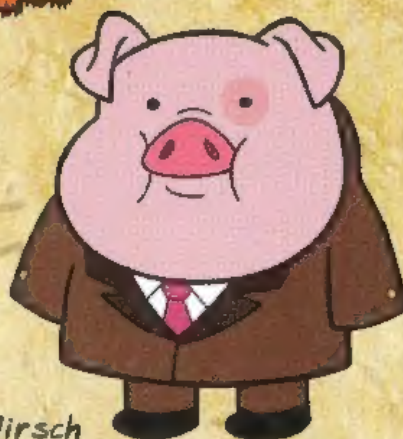
FROM THE HIT
DISNEY TV SERIES





Disney
**GRAVITY
FALLS**

HAPPY SUMMERWEEN!



Written by Samantha Brooke

Based on the series created by Alex Hirsch

Based on the episode "Summerween," written by Tim McKeon, Alex Hirsch

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One warm Summerween night, Dipper and Mabel were excited to go trick-or-treating like they did every year. And this year, they'd wear their best costumes yet!



**YOU DUDES
BETTER BE CAREFUL
OUT THERE. IT'S A NIGHT
OF GHOULS AND GOBLINS.
NOT TO MENTION . . .
THE SUMMERWEEN
TRICKSTER!**





As Dipper was throwing out the candy, the doorbell rang. When he opened the door, there stood Wendy and Robbie.

"Hey, what's with the candy?" Robbie asked him. "You going trick-or-treating?"

"No, uh... trick-or-treating is for babies!" said Dipper nervously, trying to impress Wendy.

"Come to a cool party with us," Wendy told him.



**SURE! I'LL
SEE YOU AT
THE PARTY!**





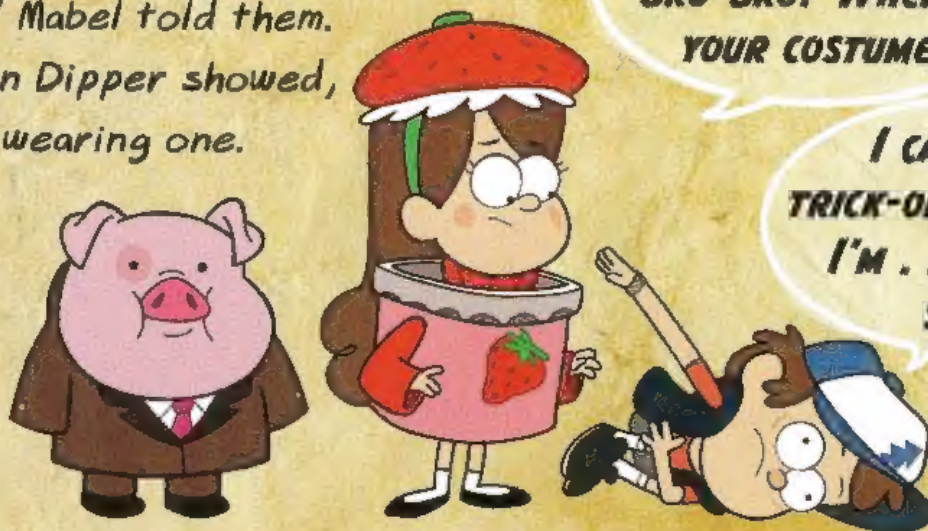
Mabel's friends Candy and Grenda were ready to go trick-or-treating.

"Just wait until you see Dipper's costume!" Mabel told them.

But when Dipper showed, he wasn't wearing one.

WHAT THE HEY-HEY, BRO-BRO? WHERE'S YOUR COSTUME?

I CAN'T GO TRICK-OR-TREATING. I'M . . . REALLY SICK.





The doorbell rang again. This time Dipper opened the door and told a masked, creepy-looking trick-or-treater to go away.

"Dipper, where's your Summerween hospitality?" Mabel said. "I apologize for my brother!" she told the spooky trick-or-treater.

SILENCE! IF YOU CAN COLLECT FIVE HUNDRED PIECES OF CANDY AND BRING THEM TO ME BEFORE THE LAST JACK-O'-MELON GOES OUT TONIGHT, I WILL LET YOU LIVE.



Then he fled into the night.



"OH MY GOSH, Mabel! Do you know what this means?" Dipper said, his eyes widening.

"I do..." said Mabel seriously. Then she smiled.

"It means you *have* to come trick-or-treating! Yay!"

"Who was that guy?" asked Candy.

"It's the legend Soos told us about," said Dipper, horrified. "It's true! The Summerween Trickster is real!"



**YOU GUYS
ARE IN CRAZY
BONKERS
TROUBLE!**



**WE'LL GET FIVE HUNDRED PIECES OF
CANDY AND HAVE FUN DOING IT, TOO—
EVEN IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!**

"All night? But I'm sick, remember?"
Dipper said.

"What's worse, getting eaten by a
horrifying monster or going trick-
or-treating with us?" Mabel said.

"Well . . ." said Dipper, giving
it thought.



The gang first went to Lazy Susan's house. She looked over their costumes with her one good eye, then paused.

"What are you supposed to be?" she asked Dipper.

"Uh, actually, I'm not dressed up," Dipper said.

"Oh, I see." She gave each kid one piece of loser candy.

"You've got to put on your costume!" Mabel told Dipper.





Back at the Mystery Shack, Dipper reluctantly put on his costume.

"Introducing, for the first time in public . . . peanut butter and jelly!" announced Mabel.

"Aww," said Soos, Candy, and Grenda in unison.

"Let's just get this over with," said Dipper. Mabel was right! The twins' costumes melted the hearts of everyone in Gravity Falls.





They collected loads of candy! Around them, the jack-o'-melon lights began to go out one by one.



"It's only eight-thirty and we've already got enough!" Mabel cheered as she counted the candy.

While Soos went to get his truck and the others ran back to the shack, Dipper watched over the candy. He could still join Wendy at the cool party!

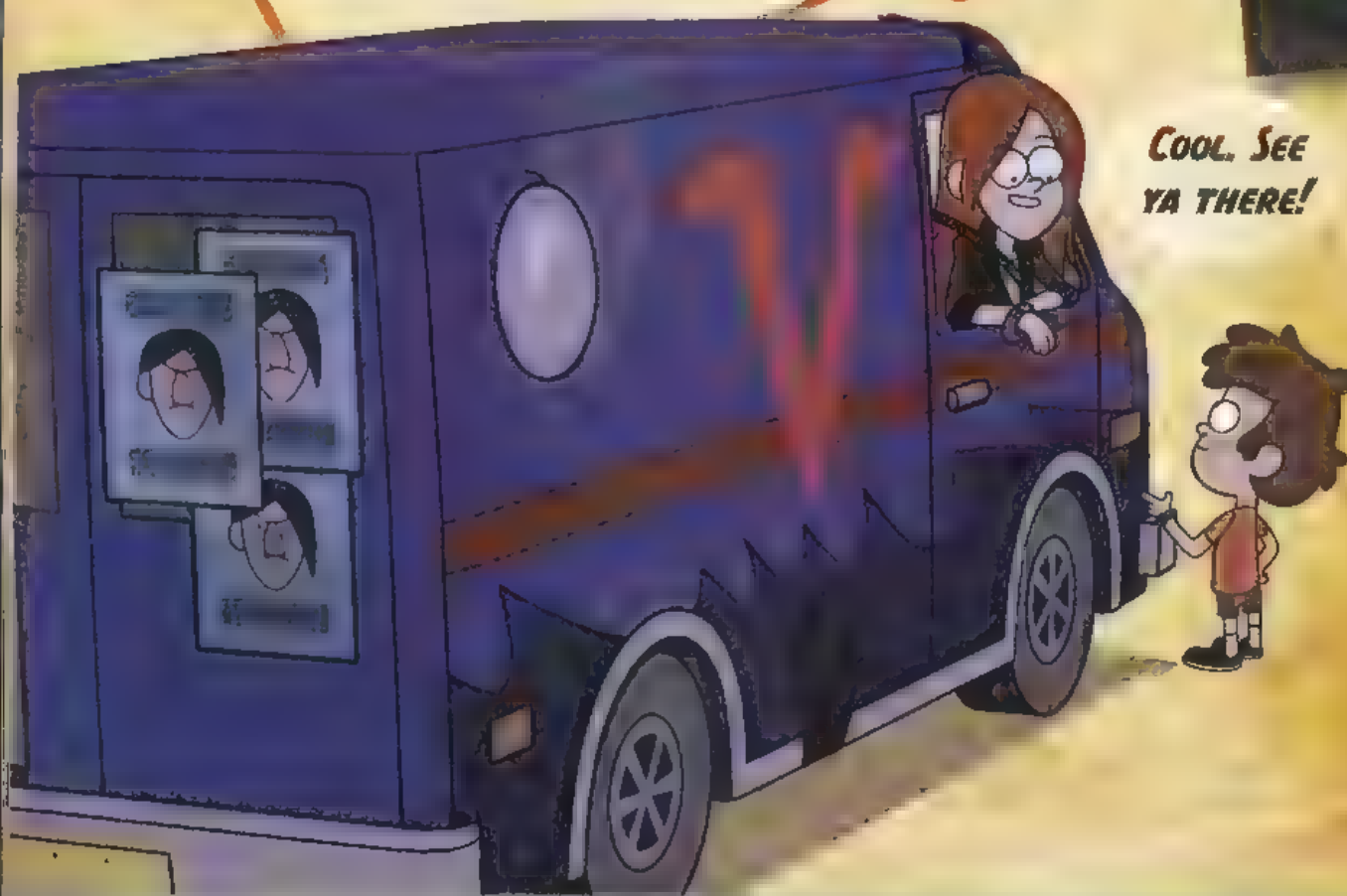


While Dipper was waiting, he saw Wendy and Robbie driving toward him. He pushed the wheelbarrow full of candy into the bushes, along with his costume, to hide the fact that he had been trick-or-treating.

"Dipper!" said Wendy. "Coming to the party?"

"Definitely," he said.

COOL. SEE
YA THERE!

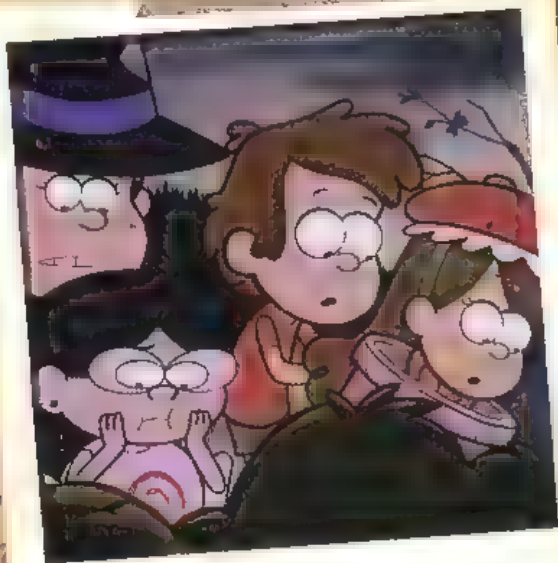




Mabel had seen
the whole thing.

**YOU'RE GOING TO A PARTY?
YOU'RE NOT SICK AT ALL! IF IT WASN'T
FOR THIS CRAZY MONSTER, YOU WERE GOING
TO DITCH ME ON OUR FAVORITE HOLIDAY!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DIPPER WHO USED
TO LOVE SUMMERWEEN? . . . AND
WHERE'S ALL THE CANDY?**





"I left it behind this bush," said Dipper. But behind the bush was a deep ditch. The candy had fallen into it and was floating in a mucky puddle!

That's when the Summerween Trickster appeared.

SO, CHILDREN . . .
WHERE'S MY CANDY?

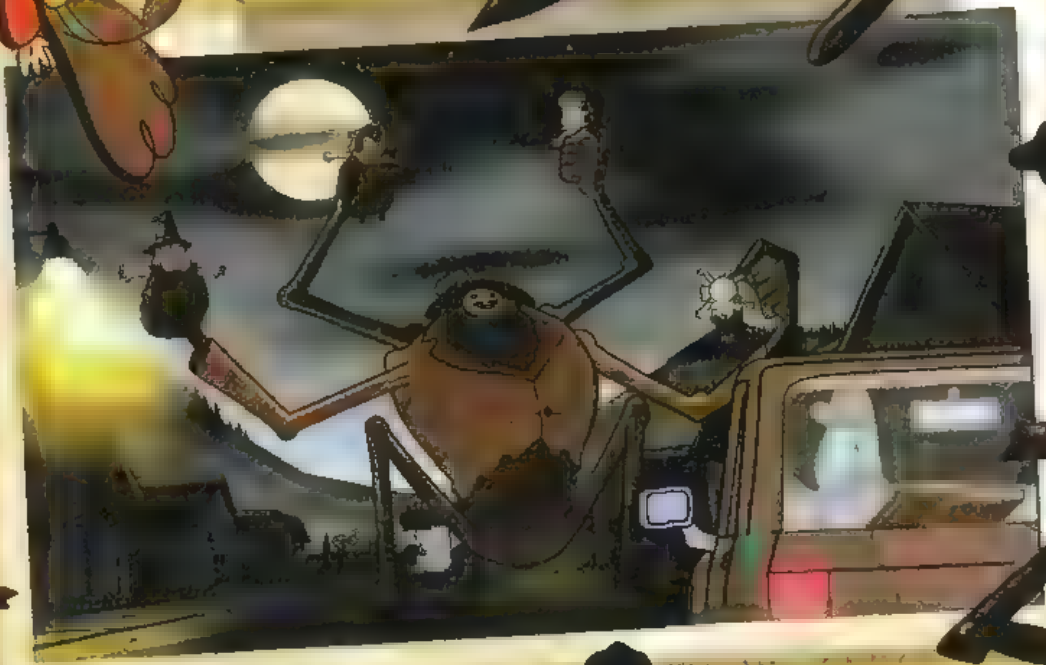
WE HAD IT
ALL, I SWEAR!
IT'S DOWN THERE . . .
SOMEWHERE. WE CAN
STILL GET IT!



"I'm afraid it's too late," said the Trickster as he grabbed all four of them.

Soos zoomed down the street in his truck and slammed into the Trickster.

Dipper, Mabel, Candy, and Grenda stood and ran to Soos, overjoyed.



"That wasn't, like, a regular pedestrian, was it?" asked Soos.

"It was the monster!" said Mabel with a smile. "You saved us!"

"I'm glad it's over," Dipper said to Mabel. She ignored him as they piled into the truck and headed to the shack.

Dipper had spoken too soon! The Trickster came back to life and leaped on top of the truck, trying to attack.

The truck skidded out of control and went right through the window of the Summerween Superstore.

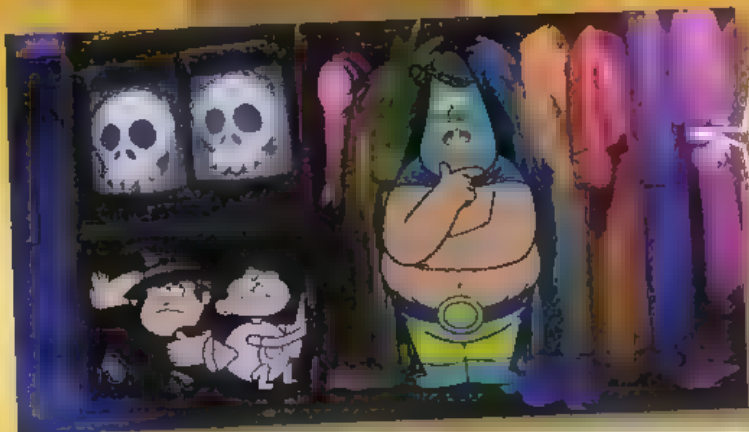




"Now you're worried about the monster? I thought all you cared about was Wendy," Mabel whispered to Dipper.

"You know that's not true," said Dipper. "I just felt like I was getting a little too old to go trick-or-treating."

"That's exactly why we need to go trick-or-treating! We're getting older. There's not that many Summerweens left." Mabel looked sadder than he'd ever seen her.



**IF ONLY WE
HAD A DISGUISE OF
SOME KIND, THEN WE
COULD HIDE FROM
THE TRICKSTER.**



It was a lucky thing the Summerween Superstore was filled with costumes that made for good disguises!

The kids got dressed so that each time the Trickster got close to them, the monster couldn't detect them.





The kids had almost made it safely to the door when the Trickster spotted them.

"Soos, look out!" his friends shouted.

It was too late. The Trickster ate Soos in one giant bite!





"Attack!" shouted the gang. They hacked into the monster with their costume weapons. As they did, sticky monster bits landed on top of them. Grenda licked one.

"Saltwater taffy?" Grenda said. "Gross!"

The Summerween Trickster snatched up the four kids.

"You really haven't figured it out yet?" asked the Trickster. "Don't you recognize me?" Then he took off his mask. "Look at my face. Look closely!" It was made of ...



"Loser candy!" Mabel gasped.

"That's right. Didn't you ever wonder what happens to the candy that no one likes?" the Trickster asked. "Every year, the children of Gravity Falls throw away all of the 'rejected candy' into the dump. So I seek revenge on the picky children who cast me aside!"

"No one would eat me. But now I'm going to eat you!" The Trickster opened his mouth.

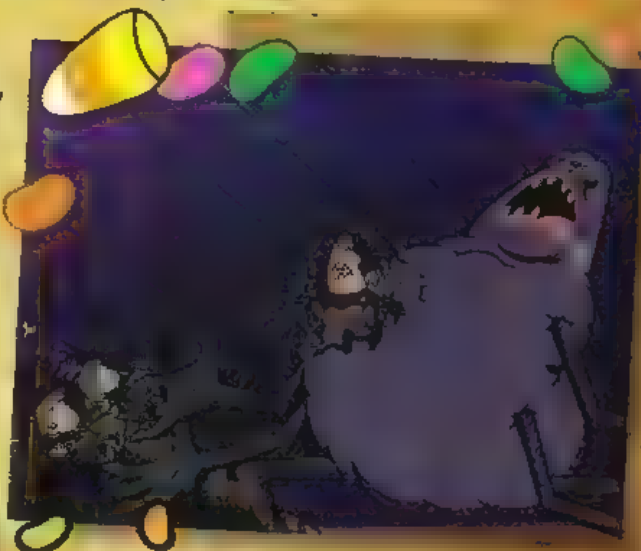


He was about to eat the kids when, suddenly, he stopped: "What the—"

Something in his stomach kicked—the one thing that would eat loser candy: Soos! The Trickster collapsed onto the floor, letting go of the gang.



The Summerween Trickster smiled and cried joyous tears of candy corn. And that was the end of the Summerween Trickster.



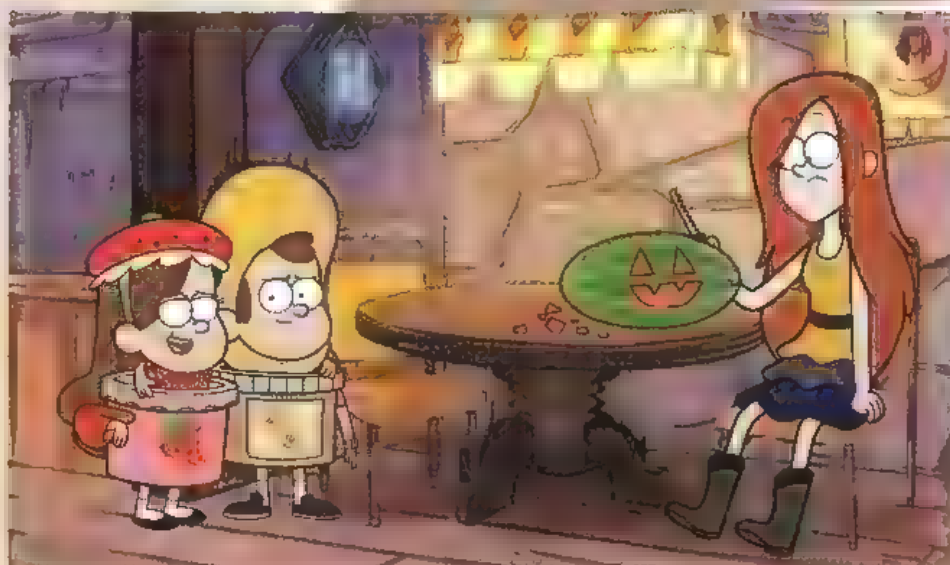
"Wait..." the monster moaned with his last breaths. "You actually think I taste good?" he asked Soos. "All I've ever wanted is for someone to say that I was... good."



When the kids got back to the Mystery Shack, Dipper was surprised to see Wendy.

"I didn't see you at the party," she said.

"Uh, I . . . I was trick-or-treating," Dipper said proudly, "with my sister!"



"The party was lame anyway. Robbie ate a lollipop stick-first and had to go home," she said.

Dipper chuckled. He didn't feel bad he had missed it. In fact, he was happy he had.

**AW,
MAN. WE WENT
TO EVERY SINGLE
HOUSE AND DIDN'T
EVEN GET TO EAT
ANY CANDY!**

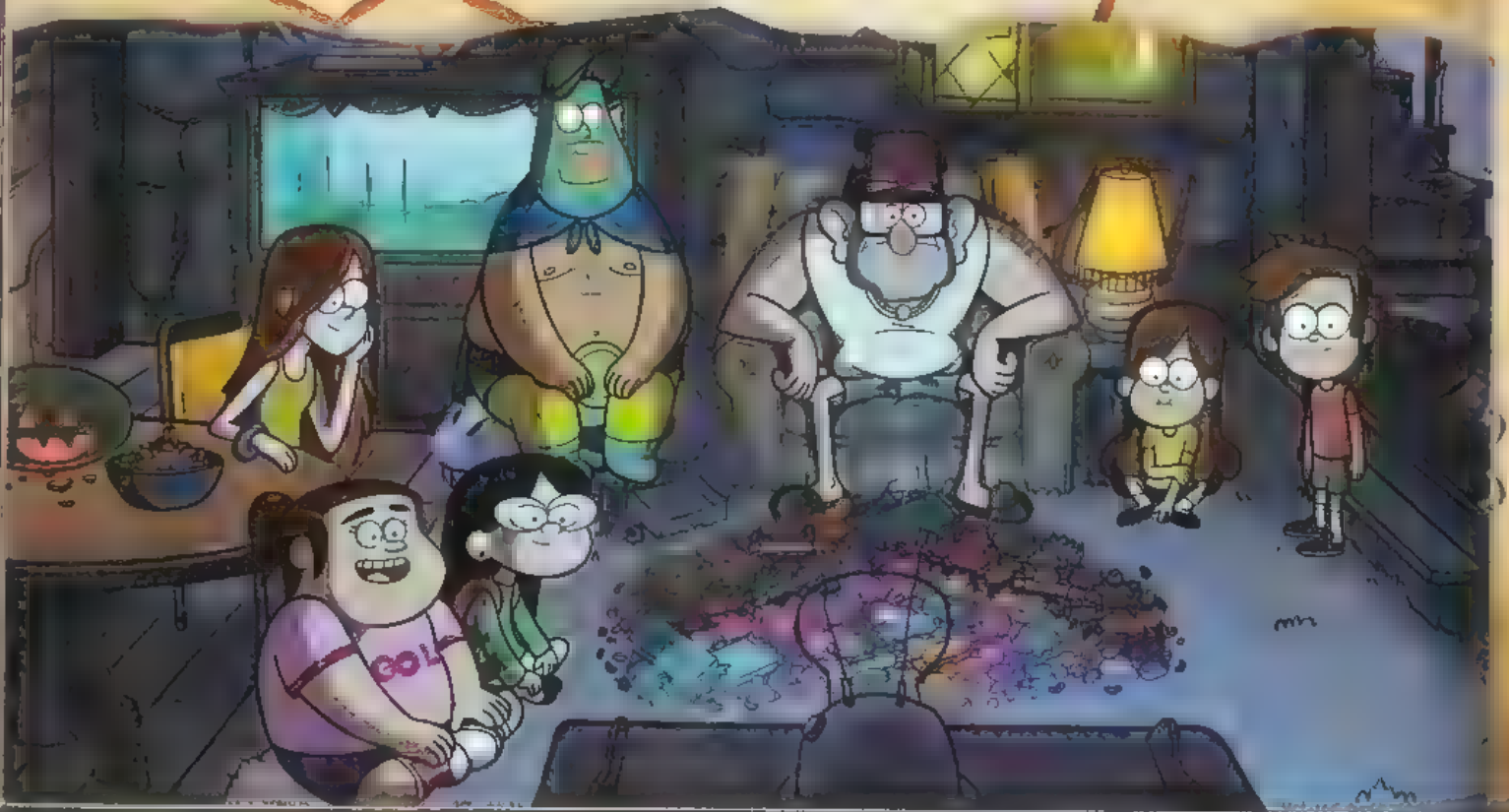


"How's this for candy?" Grunkle Stan held two huge bags of it out to Dipper and Mabel, who started to eat it.

"You know," said Grunkle Stan, "at the end of the day, Summerween isn't about candy or costumes or even scaring people. It's a day when the whole family can get together in one place and celebrate what really matters: pure evil." He laughed maniacally. So did everyone else.

Then it was silent.

"I ate a man alive tonight," said Soos.



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THE CONVENIENCE STORE . . . OF HORRORS!



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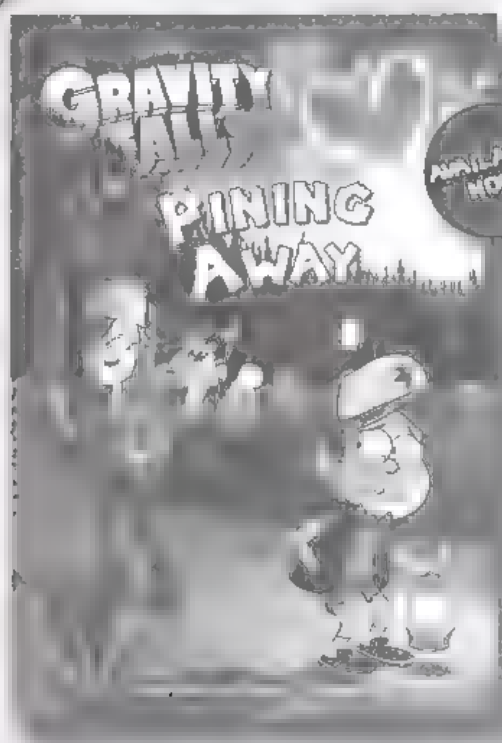
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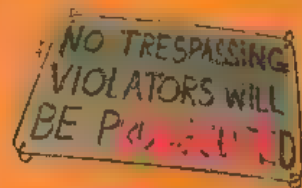
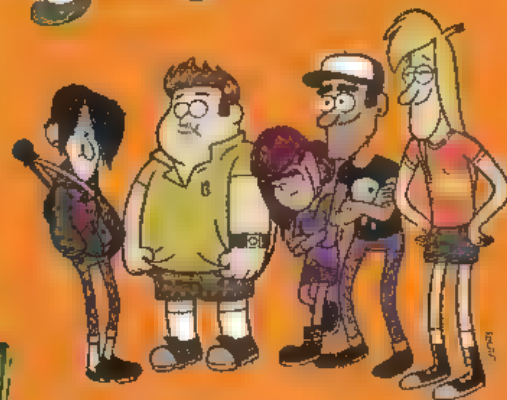
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OF HORRORS!**



Written by Samantha Brooke

Based on the series created by Alex Hirsch

Based on the episode "The Inconveniencing," written by Mike Rianda

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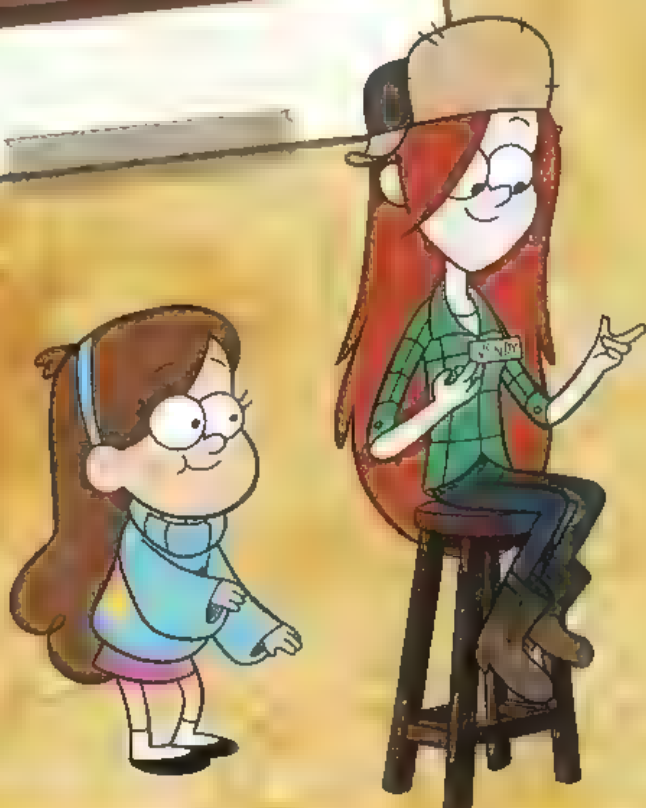
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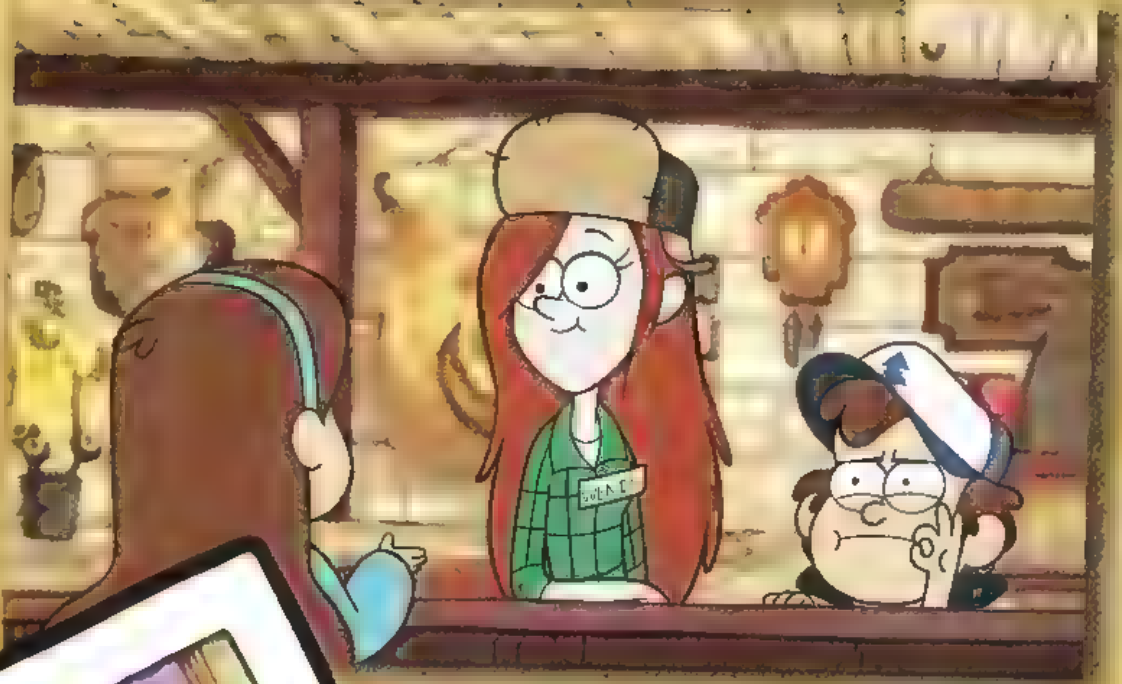
Mabel, Dipper, and Wendy were at work at the Mystery Shack.

"Random dance party for no reason!" shouted Mabel as she bounced around with Wendy.

"Dipper, aren't you gonna get in on this?" Wendy asked him.



**I, UH, DON'T
REALLY DANCE.**

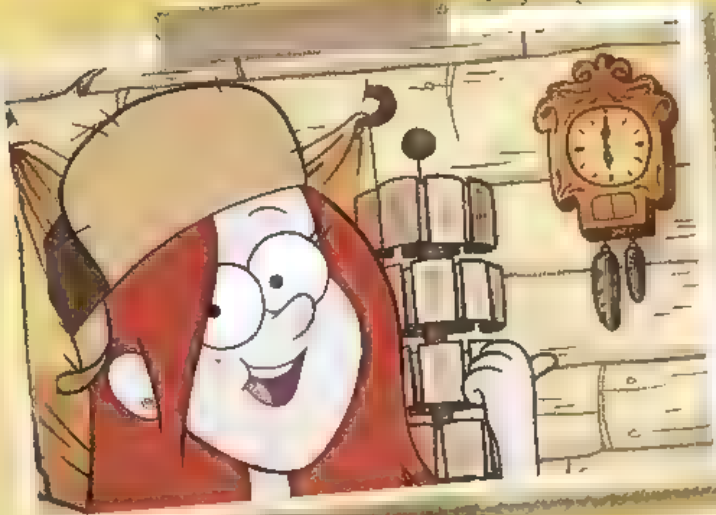


"Yeah, you do!" said Mabel. "Mom used to dress him up in a lamb costume and make him do the ... 'lamby dance.'"

"Now is *not* the time to talk about the lamby dance," Dipper said through his teeth.

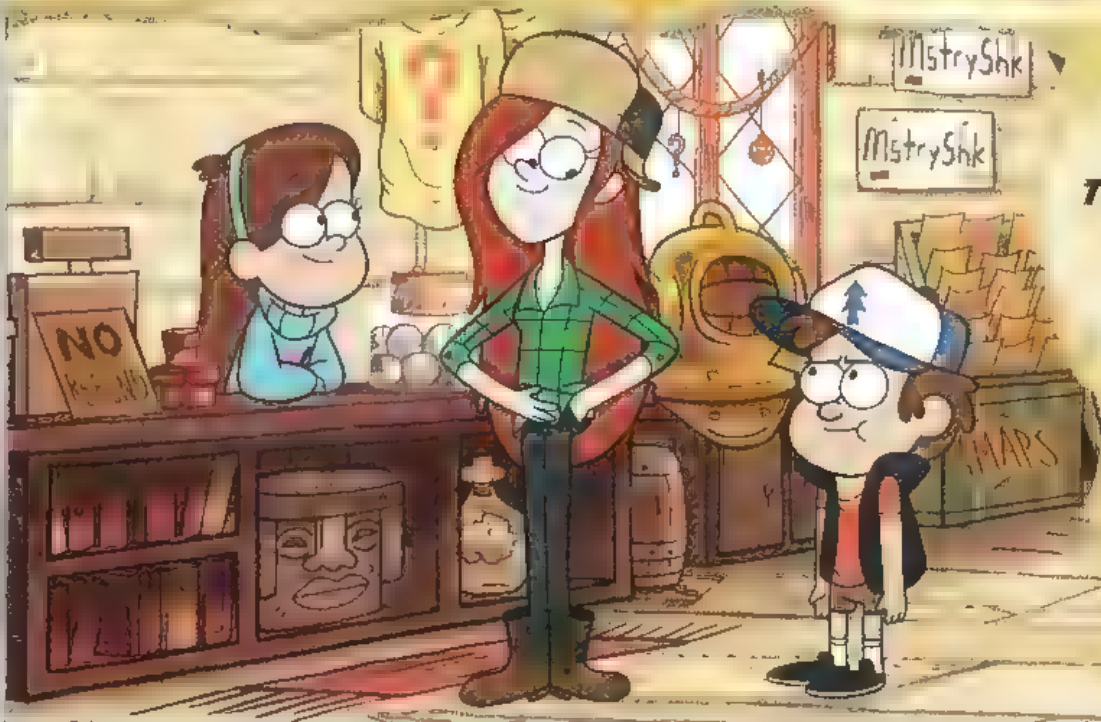
"Lamb costume?" said Wendy.

"Dipper would prance around and sing a song about grazing!" said Mabel.



The clock on the wall chimed.
"Hey, look at that! Quittin' time! The gang's waiting for me," said Wendy, heading out.
"Hey, wait!" called Dipper.
"Uh, maybe I could, or we could, come with you?"

**Ooh, I don't know. My
FRIENDS ARE PRETTY INTENSE.
HOW OLD ARE YOU GUYS?**



**WE'RE
THIRTEEN! SO,
TECHNICALLY
TEENS!**

"All right. I like your moxie, kid. Let me get my stuff," said Wendy, strolling away.

"Since when are we thirteen?" whispered Mabel. "Is this a leap year? We're only twelve."

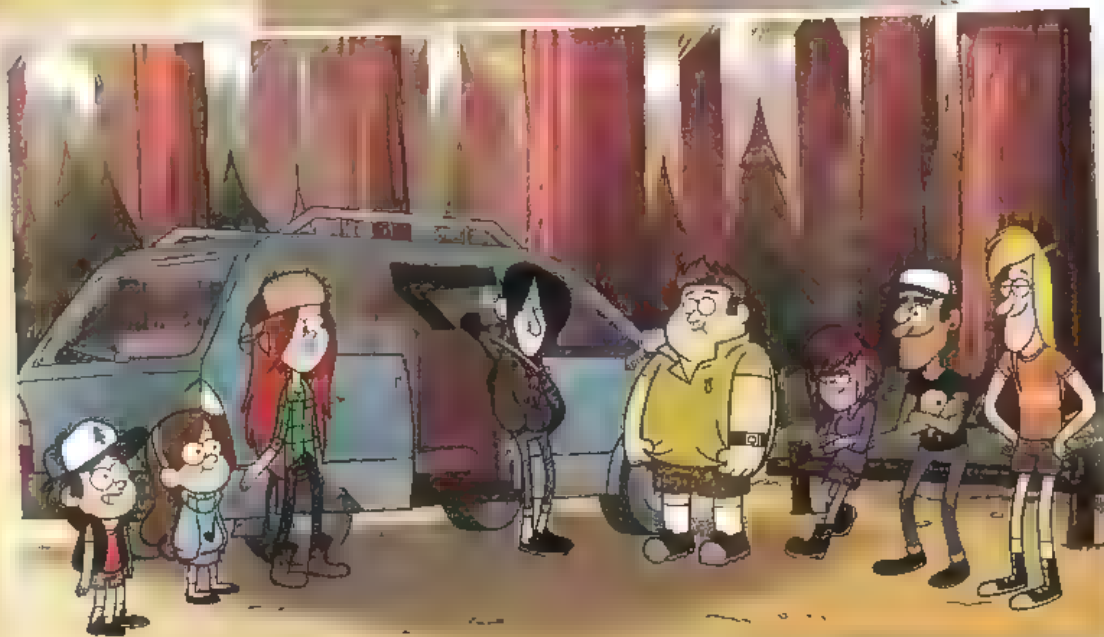
"Come on, Mabel!" Dipper pleaded. "This is our chance to hang out with, you know, the cool kids. And Wendy."

"I knew it. You love her!" yelled Mabel.



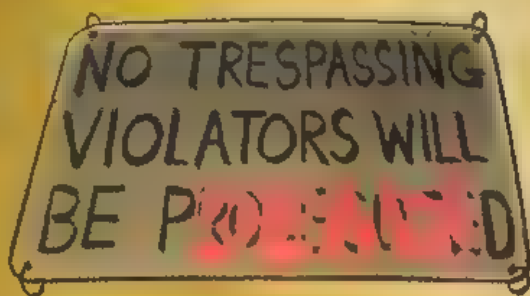
**LOVE! LOVE!
LOVE! LOVE!
LOVE!**

Outside the shack, Wendy introduced the twins.
"These are my pals from work, Mabel and Dipper."
"So, are you, like, babysitting?" Robbie asked Wendy.
"Quit it," said Wendy. "Guys," she said to the twins,
"this is Lee, Nate, Tambry, Thompson, and you remember
Robbie."



Robbie tried to look really cool, but Dipper didn't buy it.
"Let's hurry it up, guys! I've got big plans for tonight,"
Wendy said as everyone piled into Thompson's van.

A while later, the van pulled up to a scary-looking building. Everyone climbed out. "Here it is," said Wendy. "The condemned Dusk 2 Dawn convenience store."



"Why did they shut it down?" Dipper's voice shook.

"Some folks died in there. The place's been haunted ever since!" said Lee.

"How do we get in?" said Robbie. He gave the door a tug. "The door's stuck."



"Let me take a crack at it," said Dipper.

"Oh, yeah. I can't get in, but I'm sure you're gonna break down the door," said Robbie sarcastically.

"Leave him alone. He's just a little kid," said Wendy.

To prove them wrong, Dipper hopped on top of a garbage can and climbed onto the roof.

"Go, Dipper!" shouted Mabel.



"Who wants to bet he doesn't make it?" Robbie snickered.

But just then, Dipper opened the door from inside the store.

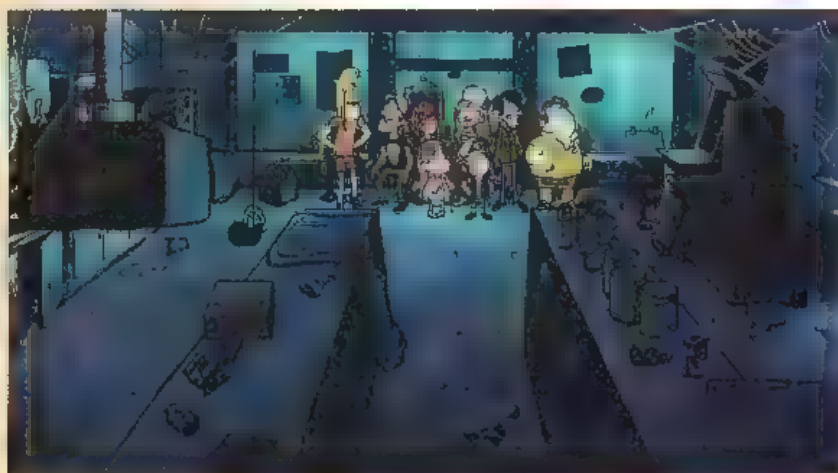
"Good call inviting this little maniac!" said Lee.



"Your new name is Doctor Funtimes!" Nate said.

Mabel gave Dipper a high five.

"Nice work!" whispered Wendy as she followed everyone else into the abandoned convenience store.

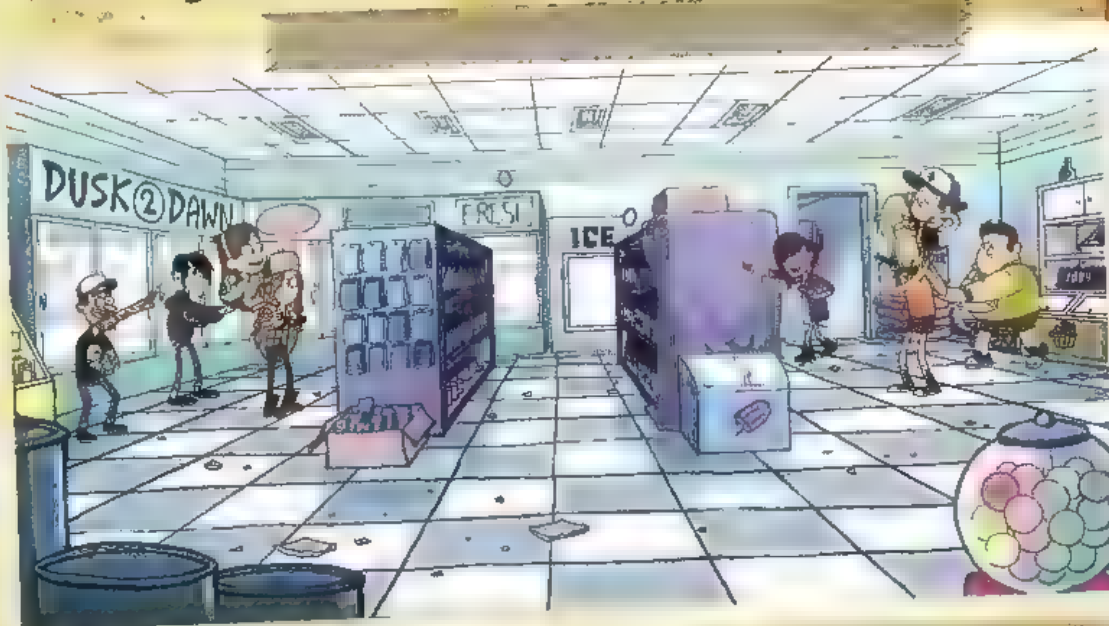


"Do you guys really think this place is haunted?" asked Thompson.

"It's even creepier than I imagined," said Wendy in awe.

"So what are we gonna do now?" asked Dipper.

"Anything we want!" Wendy said coolly, after flicking on the lights.



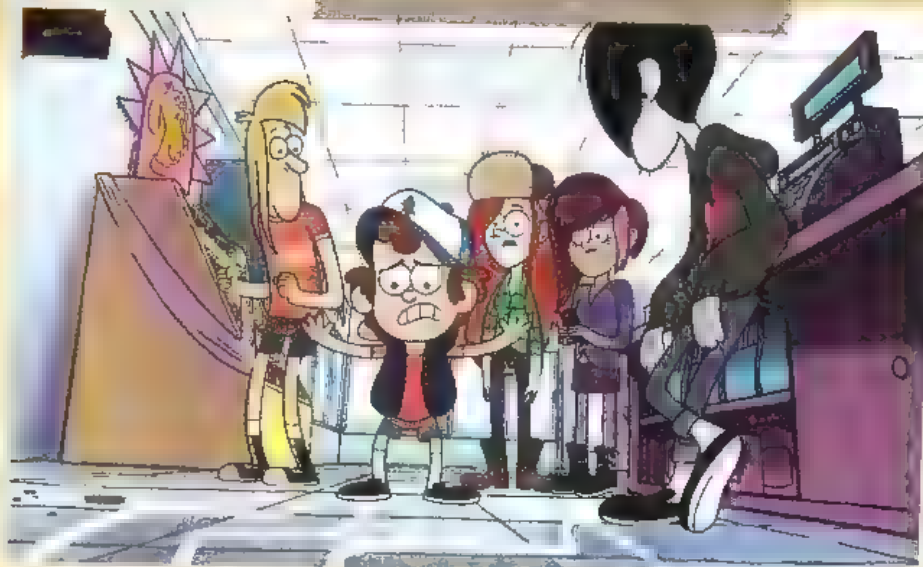
"Food fight!" they all shouted, throwing doughnuts and treats at each other.



Mabel discovered
Smile Dip. One little
taste soon turned into
way too much sugar.



"Whoa, guys. You might want to see this," said Robbie.
"Then the rumors are true!" said Lee as they crowded around two chalk outlines. "This place is haunted."
"Dude, I dare you to lie down in one," Robbie told Nate. Nate was about to step into one of the chalk outlines.
"Wait! Maybe let's not do that," warned Dipper. "I mean, what if this place really is haunted?"



"Just take it down a notch, Captain Buzzkill," Robbie said.

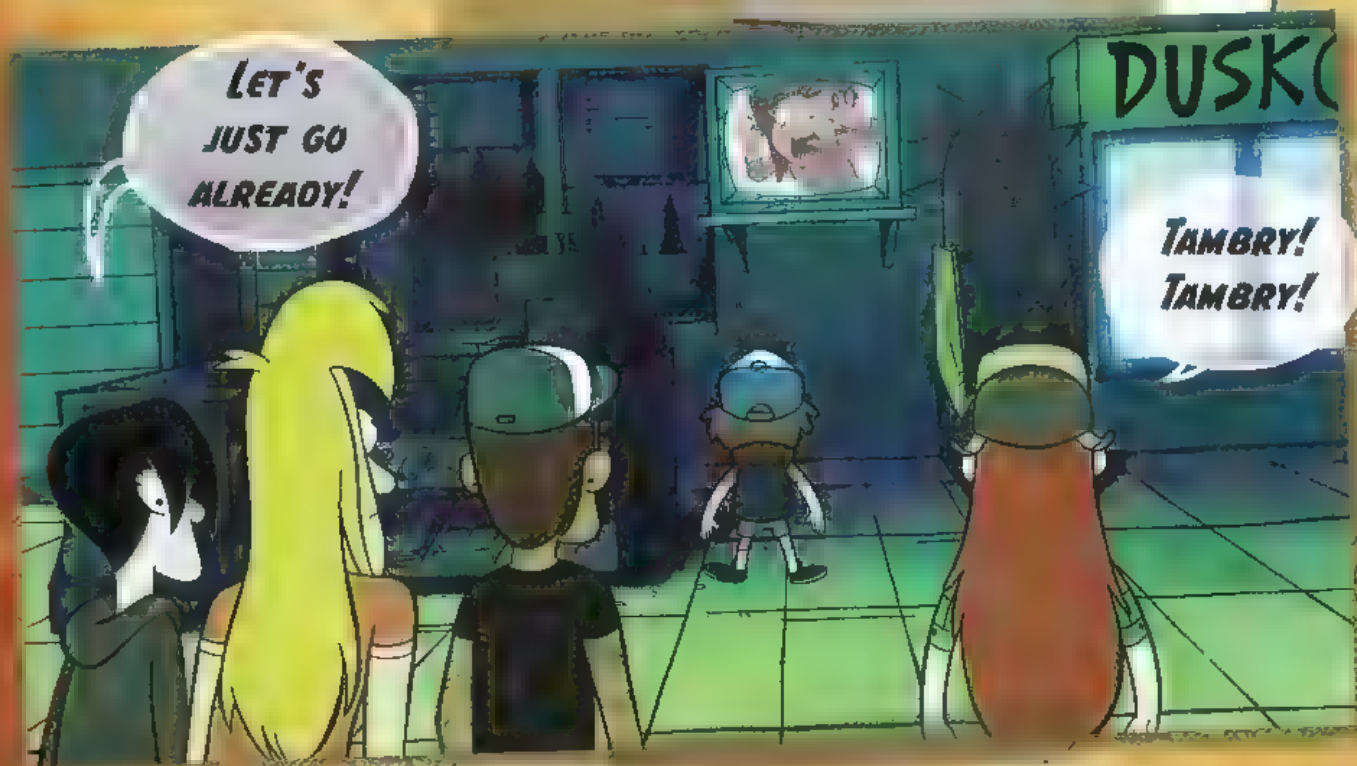
"But I thought I was Doctor Funtimes," said Dipper.

"Status update," Tambry said as she texted on her phone. "Trapped in store with insane nine-year-old."

**I AM NOT A
NINE-YEAR-OLD!
I'M THIRTEEN!
TECHNICALLY
A TEEN!**



That's when Dipper plopped down right on top of the chalk outline. The lights in the store flickered and went out. And then Tambry was zapped inside the TV! She punched the screen, trapped inside.



"Wait! I've almost got the high score!" said Thompson. He'd been playing Dancey Pants Revolution the whole time.

Before Thompson could say another word, he was transported inside the game.

"Help!" cried Thompson as the points rushed on top of him.



"Forget him! Let's go!" Robbie said as he banged for the door. But it was locked!

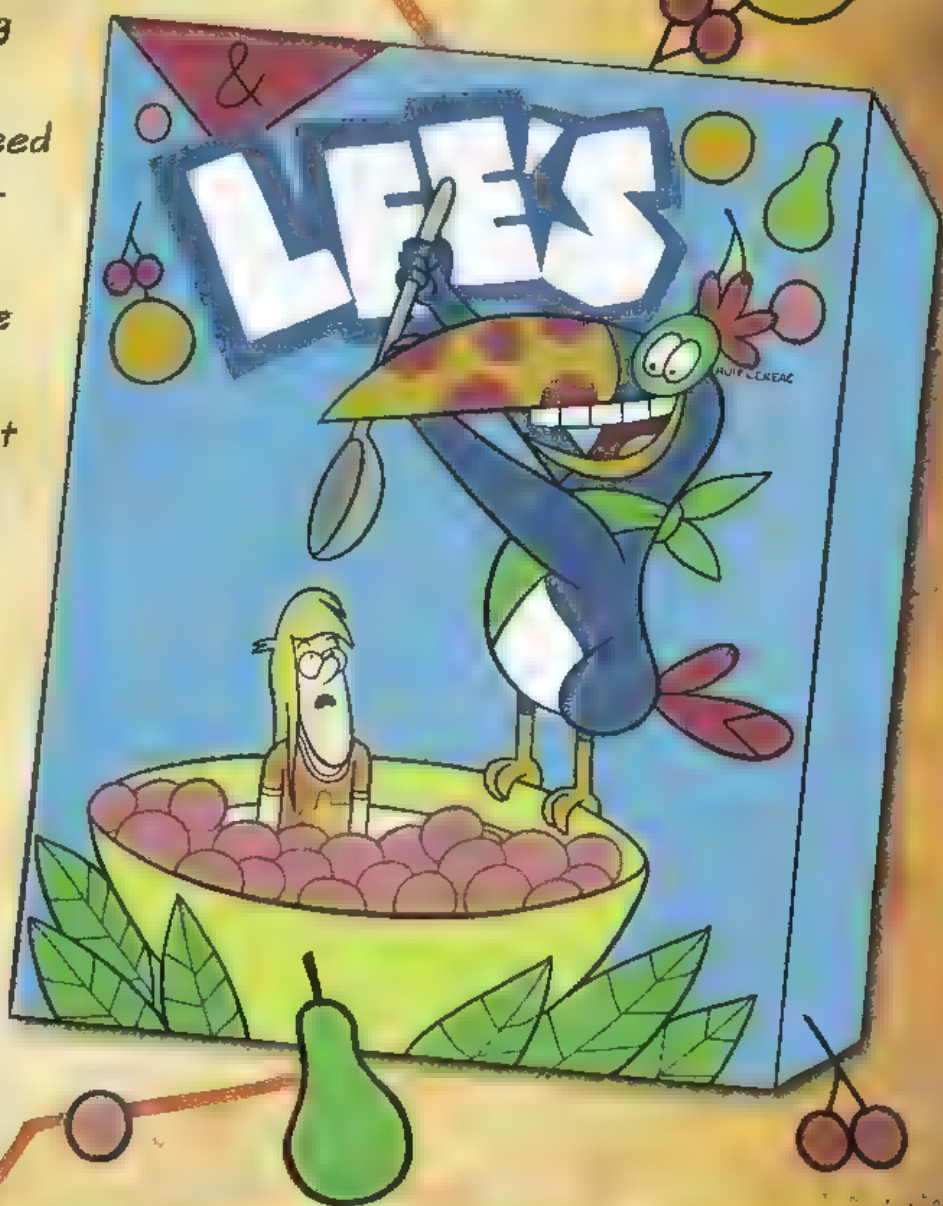
"Everybody wait!"
shouted Dipper.

"Whatever is doing
this must have a
reason. We just need
to figure out what
it is!"

"Yeah, right, like
the ghost just
wants to talk about
its feelings," Lee
said sarcastically.

That's when Lee
got transported
onto the back of
a cereal box.

"I'm bonkers
for eating you
alive," said the
crazed toucan
in the picture.



Suddenly, Mabel floated into the air. She was glowing and her eyes were white. "Welcome to your graves, young trespassers!" boomed Mabel in a deep otherworldly voice.

"Welcome to your home for all eternity!"

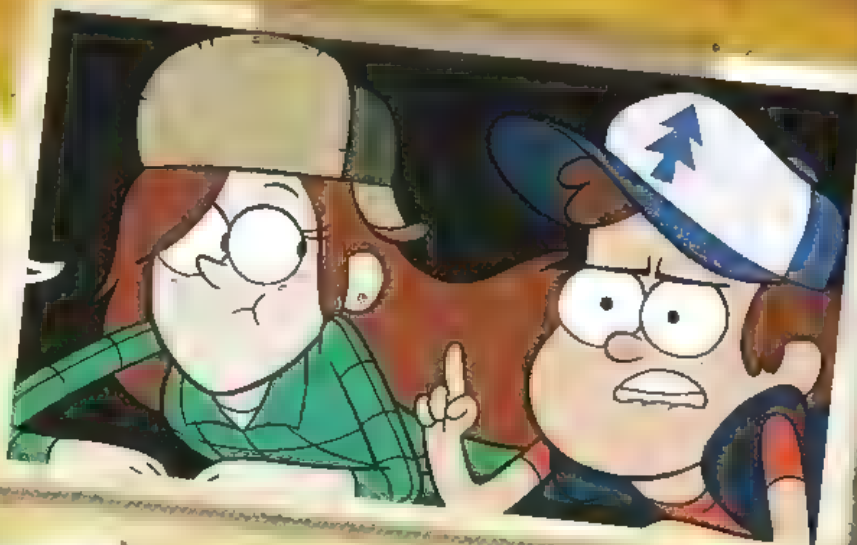
Then everything in the store floated into the air, and the ceiling became the floor.



"What does it want from us?" Wendy screamed as she and Dipper dove into a cabinet.

"Okay, let's try to figure out the pattern here," Dipper said. "Why was each person taken?"

**TAMBRY WAS
TEXTING. THOMPSON
WAS PLAYING A VIDEO
GAME. LEE WAS BEING
SARCASTIC. IT DOESN'T MAKE
ANY SENSE. THOSE ARE ALL
JUST NORMAL TEENAGE
THINGS!**



"Of course!" Dipper said, crawling out from the cabinet. "Stay here until I get back."

"Dude, what are you doing?!" said Wendy.

"Hey, ghost!" Dipper yelled. "I've got something to tell you. I'm not a teenager!"

Suddenly, the chaos stopped. Mabel was no longer possessed. And the ghosts of two sweet-looking old people appeared.



"How old did you say you were?" the old man asked gently.



"I'm..." Dipper glanced at Wendy. "Twelve. Technically not a teen," said Dipper.

"When we were alive, teens were always sassafrassin' customers, so we decided to ban them. But then they retaliated by blasting this newfangled rap music outside our store," said the old man.

"The lyrics were so shocking we were stricken down with double heart attacks," said the old woman. "That's why we hate teenagers so much!" Then she smiled.



"But they're my friends. Isn't there anything I can do to help them?" Dipper pleaded.

"There is one thing. Do you know any funny little dances?" asked the old man.



"Is there anything else I can do?" asked Dipper.

The old man suddenly went from sweet to furious.

**WELL, I DO KNOW THE
LAMBY DANCE, BUT I CAN'T
REALLY DO IT WITHOUT
A LAMB COSTUME.**





The ghost snapped his fingers and the costume appeared on Dipper. "Oh. Well. There it is," Dipper said. Then he reluctantly started to sing and dance. He had never looked more ridiculous. And Wendy saw it all.

"That was some fine dancin'!" said the old man. "Your friends are free."

The ghosts disappeared, and in a flash, everything went back to normal.





"What happened after everything went crazy?" Lee asked groggily.

"You are not going to believe it. The ghosts appeared, and Dipper had to..." Wendy said, but then she stopped. She didn't want to embarrass Dipper.

AND, UM, DIPPER JUST GRABBED A BAT AND STARTED BEATING GHOSTS DOWN LEFT AND RIGHT. THE GHOSTS GOT ALL SCARED AND RAN AWAY. IT WAS INSANE!



"Whoa!" everyone said in unison. "No way!"

"Good job, Doctor Funtimes!" Robbie cheered as they piled into the van.

"Hey, next time we hang out, let's stay at the Mystery Shack, okay?" Wendy said to Dipper.

"Next time?" Dipper said, doing a bad job of hiding his excitement. "Yeah! Let's hang out at the shack! Ha-ha. Yeah!" He slowly let it sink in. "Next time."



